

David Pajo "Who Knows"

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You don't seem to understand
Her skin is cool like water to the tongue
Her eyes smooth like a stone
When her heart strings come undone
She's a star that I wish upon
She's a dream I couldn't own
Lord please tell me what to do with that girl
The sheriff shared her bed
And he claimed her as his wife
She loved him once for the man
That he was in another life
Now I like the sheriff just fine, my friends
But I long for his wife
O lord please tell me what to do with that man
The town where I was born
I hold dear to my heart
When the townsfolk heard the news
Tempers flared, ropes formed a noose
Get the traitor, burn that loathsome whore
Wake the hangman from his sleep
O lord please tell me what to do in this town
To walk through the night
Without love, no kisses on my lips
A world without end
My throat is parched, please give me a few sips
She offered the spread upon her table
And the wine went to my head
O lord please tell me what to do with myself
Who knows what to do
From one minute to the next
The hunters spill my blood
Tear my clothes, break my bones, place their bets
Shuffling boots and screams were heard
In the darkness of the night
O lord please tell me what to do I'm confused
I fell for the sheriff's wife

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